chasing butterflize, around everybody's mud-hole, in our naborhood, and didn't hoe enny korn. The oblique consequentz ov this waz, that i never had enny tape-line in me,

and never knu the square root ov ennything, unless it waz ov a prarie hogs This iz unfortunate fur me, and fur others to, for i mite hav bin a good fair shumaker, if i had bin waxed properly, in mi mellow years, instead now ov being a poor ink spatterer fur a good

If i had a boy now, who had enny simptoms ov cholery infantum about him, or enny kind of lawless, unfixed, and flux noshuns, and who didn't seemiew kare whether he ever amounted who could be a could be a superior of the could be a superior who could be a superior or the could be a superior or the superior of the supe tew enny thing or not, and who could not tell where he waz last night till haff past two this morning, and who wanted tew go into bizziness fur him-self, at 16 years old, with a kapital ov two bottles of Phalon's extrakt, and a mustash, that resembled the mold on a

pound of limberger cheese, I would say onfidenshally tu him:
"Sm: i hav bin tew blame thus far in frameing yure timber, but yu kan bet them pattent leather boots yu hav on, and witch haint bin paid for yet, that from now hereafter, yu hav got tew begin agin, and weed out yure gardin sass, and sucker yure grape vine, and plough up yure wild oats, and underdrain yure swamp land, and bush hook yure briar patch, and fix yure farm for a krop ov sum kind ov grain that will not disgrace both son and daddy, when it is brought tew mar-

This iz the way i would converse with the young Billings, and if he did'nt begin in ten minutes, but begin an akount ov hiz bad dets, but begin and ackt tew argy the pint with me, and ackt yung rooster up and down in front ov me, mi strong impresbun iz now, that i would retreat a step and let fly my left purswader, and land that boy sum

60 feet further oph than he waz. It would hav bin six hundred dollars in mi vest pocket if sum philanthropist about thirty years ago, had got my knob in chancery, and not given up the case till he had punched out of mi hed the fresh water noshun that the best way tew follow a blind trail in the wilderness waz not tew take enny com-

This kind ov ded sure knowledge, amung fresh yung men, haz landed four hundred out ov evry five hundred ov them, before they had got half way thru life, into sum soft swamp, and the other hundred have sot out the close ov their lifes on a fence, lamenting the hard work they did, in their younger daze, tew make * * phools ov them-

or a yung instutution ov a boy, who haz got a burning-fluid natur, tew be anxious tew jine all the torch-light doings in the country, and tew holler "amen" before the prayer iz haff through; but i feel it my duty tew tell these camphene children tew cork up their litening.

I don't want enny body's boy Billy tew be a ded hed; a skim-milk cheeze; a colporter of water gruel; a putty babeling; a kurl-papered russery doll; an apron-tied anatomy blonde; a timid corpse amung hiz phellows, afraid ov a bug, and satisfied with a kitten.

I aint voting for this breed ov boys i only ask the virginity ov mi sex tew make up their minds, from the experiences ov those who have observed the elephant, that youth waz given them, not tew be boss, but apprentiss; not to lead, but tew foller; not tew harvest but tew plant.

There iz no danger in turning a snall loose; even before he gits fairly haired out, natur teaches him tew make his fust wiggle a correct pattern for hiz last one. She makes him a snaik from the word go, and nothing else, and if

But ov all the most deplorabel luck that kan be the inheritance ov a camphene boy, i don't kno by a more dangerous one than tew be hiz own mas ter, or the master ov hiz daddy.

I hav known sum ov theze excentricks that Satan couldn't ketch, who have dodged him suckcessfully for the whole ov their lives, but i kan tell yu, mi dear boys, it is no credit tew match yourself against the devil, even if you hay a ded soft thing. This beating the devil at his own game, is like surviving the small pox, but yu are sure tew

show some ov the dents. Dear Brigham, theze remarks are no intended tew be personal, they would not fit you enny more than a side saddle would fit the back stretch of a trottin track, for i know you hav bi broke tew stand without tieing.

The Burled Treasure and Archives of

The Theta Delta Chi fraternity which met at the Astor House, New York, in February last, listened to an oration by William L. Stone, who in the course of some interesting reminiscenees of the rebellion, spoke of David Tilghman as the officer selected by the Confederate government to take charge of its treasure and archives. On the morning of Mr. Davis' cap-

the enemy are here; such and such is the situation of the roads. If you come with me you will be able to leave the will be captured in five hours," he "knew his own business Tilghman continued, "Very well, sir; ure and archieves, and propose to secure them, even at the peril of the loss of your favor and my life. I shall start at once, by the route I have marked

than five hours Mr. Davis was a prisof the forest, Tilghman learned that all was lost, he alone and with his own hands, buried the treasures and archives; unless, during the four days that clapsed between parting with me and his untoward death, he revealed the spot, the secret as to the whereabouts of the archives is forever buried; and as long as they shall be kept from the pen of man, so long shall the story be a nonument to our brother's unswerving energies. They are for their numbers fidelity. This is the true history of the the most devoted and useful members archives of the Southern Confederacy, of the Church. They are everywhere set affoat of their being now in the vaults of this bank, and now of that.

An "affair of honor" betwee Col John Forsyth, editor of the Mobile Register, and Col. W. D. Dunn, very neary resulted in a duel, but the matter was amicably adjusted by Gen. Jones M. Withers and John J. Walker. The difficulty grew out of the Nicolson pavement controversy, which has rag ed for two or three months past in that

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE OVER AN-IMALS.-The horse is tike his driver, and the dog like his master. A nervous, timorous man, is almost sure to have a skittish horse, shying at any-. thing unsteady, and a runaway if he gets a chance. Many a cow is spoited whole audience apparently were on by a lack of patience and quietness in by a lack of patience and quietness in their feet. After they were seated the were seated the weight of milk whole audience apparently were on this hand, saying, "Give me a hand up their feet. After they were seated the weight of milk whole audience apparently were on the feet. We gathered in a group and discussed depends more upon the milker than than the pasturage. If a man is afraid who desires to see Satan and his kingof a horse, the animal knows it before | dom prosper, he will rise and hold up he goes into the stable. We have his right hand." seen the most inoffensive cow in the | Harvey, with some difficulty, got to | deed had been done, we did not know, herd so wrought upon by the nervous-ness of a greenhorn, son of Erin, as to "Had the vote been less unanimous ness of a greenhorn, son of Erin, as to dexterously plant her foot in his I should have retained my seat; but breast and send him rolling heels over head. A noisy, boisterous fellow about lattening statics will cause a street railway at serious loss in gain of fiesh to the animals, so important is quiet to them when they are digesting their food.

Where we should be pretty sure to find at least one police-officer.

Where we should be pretty sure to find at least one police-officer.

I was one of those who remained at least one police-officer.

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I was one of those who remained at least one police-officer.

I was one of those who appealed to the Supreme Court the least one police-officer.

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I was one of those who appealed to the Supreme Court the least one police-officer.

I was one of those who appealed to the Supreme Court the least

COLUMBIA FIBRATIO

By Alfred S. Horsley.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1870.

VOL. XV .-- NO. 48.

Poetry.

MARRY IN HASTE AND REPENT AT LEISURE.

How silly to marry! why did I not tarry?

'Tis foolish to marry in haste;
For little's the pleasure repenting at leisure,
Nor is it at all to my taste.
My lover seemed kind, and very refined:
Such whisker, and nice curly hair!
His marmoset tricks got my heart in a fix,
That till now was a stranger to care,
Oh, dear! Oh, ah!
How silly to marry! why did I not tarry?
Tis foolish to marry in haste;
For little's the pleasure repenting at leisure,

Nor is it at all to my taste

but sigh,
And my husband does nothing but snub.
Between me and you, he ne'er comes home
till two,
And says he's detained at his club.
To increase my despair, his jet curly hair
I discovered was false,—(how I cried.)
When he doesn't go out, it's thro' having the And his beautiful whiskers are dyed.

He's quite an old beau, and too late I know I shall never be happy again; for now I can see it was money, not me. What cruel deceivers are men! Some say served, me right. I took such delight In coquetting, but kept my heart free. If fate should ordain that I'm single again, What a smart little widow I'll be. Oh, dear! Oh, ah! etc.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD. BY FRANCIS L. KEELPR.

There is a lesson inculcated in the follow ing lines, which, if taken into all of our hearts, would make this world brighter, more beautiful and happy, to the poor and unfortunate, for it is a lesson of charity .-Many a sensitive soul would be spared bitter pangs, and many wandering ones reclaimed to lives of truth and goodness. So, in reading these lines, let us all remember how sublime a virtue is charity:

At home or away, in the alley or street, Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet,
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes sadly, "Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long year have rolled, Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold, Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled, A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed: No matter what inroads dishonor hath made; No matter what element cankered the Pearl, Though tarnished and sullied, she's mother's girl.

been; No matter how deep he is sunken in sin; No matter how low is his standard of joy— No matter how low is his standard of joy—

That head hath been pillowed on the tenderest breast, That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed; That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet

A Good Werd for Old Maids.

The Baltimore Christian Advocate has the following just and sensible ob-

"Old Maid" is felt to be an epithe of reproach, when in most instances it is a title of honor. It is accepted as a esignation of inferior, when in truth t commonly marks the higher grade of women. We would be untrue to the noblest natures, from whom we have received the purest friendship and most enduring kindness, if we did not express at least our own opinion as to he true character of the class of single women so rapidly increasing in our We do not doubt that mariage is the happier condition for women when marriage is all that it ought be. We never met a single woman

vho doubted this. But what is the hance to any one woman of making uch a marriage? Suppose that in the short years of youth she may receive three or four offers, what is the chance that among these three or four a woman of high intellectual character and deep moral feeling will find the man she can love with the devotion necessary to her happiness? Some doubt-less do, but just in proportion to the profundity of nature and exaltation of entiment will be the difficulty, and so it happens that in the accidents of courtship the unmarried women are ip the unmarried women are not selected from the lower but the higher varieties of womanhood. Again we all know the power of mere person-

al attraction to determine what is popularly known as love, and that girls of the more pleasing appearance marry with greater facility. But nature is very democratic. She divides her gifts less partially than is supposed. The marked features that resist the plumppadding of underlying decoration are commonly the outheaving of a strong nature. The fine nerves and full brain do not advertise themselves on rosy cheeks, and great soft eyes, and museles buried in cellular tissue. Dolls have no use for brains. Even where beauty is smart (and sometimes it is), ture, says Mr. Stone, Tilghman waited it is too much occupied with itself and

upon him at his bedside and said: "Mr. and its admirers to cultivate the mind. Davis, by this map you may see that It takes all of beauty's time to wait on beauty. So it happens that the less attractive women, who are as a class the more intelligent, are driven to find country in safety. If you do not, you occupation in reading and moral activ-will be captured in five hours." To ities that improve the heart. The rewhich Mr. Davis replied curtly, that sult is to make them yet more difficult to please in a husband, and the ultimate consequence is that the Old Maids of the country are as a class the finest women in it. To affect to pity these women is a mere waste of calf-

power. * * * 'Tis true that many the inconveniences of their condition; but do no married women have cause more bitterly to regret their own? Is it neglected maids or neglected wives whose cries for sympathy fall daily on the ear? Is it the sorrow of "Old Maids" or of deceived and brokenhearted married women that fills the chronicle of daily distress? If it be hard to yearn for a heart to love, it is harder to love with the knowledge that warm. There's something wrong, the one yearned for was not worth the loving. But single women are not an

the salt of family piety, the embodied ing out the dirt. In a few moments he idea of unselfish affection. To them as a class we are proud to take off our hat. We kiss the hem of their garment. If there were females among the angels his hands. (which it seems there are not-that blessing not being given to pre-human existences), we would look for their counterpart among Old Maids. As it

s, we can find nothing of their kind

etter than themselves.

A POINT OF HONOR .- In the flush times of Vicksburg, when the phrase thanit does now, Harvey Jenkins was admitted one of the hardest. By some strange accident, Harvey found himself at church one evening. The sermon being over, the preacher requested all who were friendly to religion to rise

"Now, if there is a single one here

make it a point of honor never to aban don a friend under adverse circum at the hole, and the other three try to stances."

Miscellany.

MURBER WILL OUT.

out each day prospecting for new ground; but nothing payable could we strike, and we were getting tired of working for our food only, which was

next morning, shouldering our swags, (the digger's term for anything a man carries on his back,) and all hands starting across the country to Black Jack's under the guidance of the mover of the expedition, and a compass. Nomentioning; and the second day after leaving Peg Leg, at about ten o'clock

in the foreneon, we sat down to have a rest and a smoke. We were quite near the workings on Black Jack's, and had passed a num-ber of "prospecting holes" within the last mile or two, but had, as yet, met with no parties at work, nor seen any ndications of men having been actualevgaged in washing out gold. "This is a likely looking place," said

ne of our number; "let's open a hole "Oh," answered another, "it's no use prospecting to-day; we may as well station,) where we halted and concealgo in among the shops. Jack, here, knows all the storekeepers, and, perhaps, some of them may lay us on

moment, and then asked, "Do you any pegs round here, boys?"

No pegs (or stakes to mark the boundaries of a claim) could be seen; and a good place to sleep."

come on boys, if you're ready; you'll get some grub when we get to camp, and a good place to sleep." so we told him. "But why do you ask that?" said another.

'Look here," said the first speaker; somebody has been prospecting here, and they've struck it heavy" (meaning that rich gold had been discovered) they've gone for their mates most that side. Row they never put that dirt back so carefully, and scattered these leaves and ferns over it to hide it, for nothing. So here goes to see what they got for a prospect. Peg out six men's ground, boys; I'm going to dig And suiting the action to the word he threw down his swag, and com-

menced to shovel out the gravel from the filled-up hole. We pegged out a claim, and then athered about the hole. As our mate dent that the hole had been but recentof several feet below the surface, were fearful surprise, in hope to secure a as fresh and green as those still grow- confession through terror,

ing in the vicinity.
"Tell you what, boys," said the "Get out o' that hole, and take a

"Hold on a bit," was the answer I'll go down a foot or two yet, and were not long kept waiting. then you can have a chance. We shan't have to sink very deep here, anyway, not more'n ten or twelve feet. But what the deuce is that?"

wood, and, scraping off the loose dirt, he disclosed what we at once knew to be the handle of a pick-axe. "That's a pick-handle," said he, replying to his own question. "What's t doing here? By jingo, fellers, they must have got on something good, when they've buried their tools in the hole; we're in luck this time, boys." As he had by this time uncovered the handle and one point of the pick-axe, he had his shovel out of the hole. and took hold of the buried tool to re-

come easily. "It's fast, somowhat," he said, tak ing hold of it with both hands, and givng a heavy jerk, which brought it up. "I've got you," said he, apostrophizing the pickaxe. "Here, take this up out of the way, some of you," at the same time holding its handle up to us who

were on the surface. His face suddenly changed its hopeful expression for one of perplexity and a maniac, but made no answer, when The wind again swept down from the distrust, as he looked first at his hand and then at the pick; then he climbed hurriedly out of the hole. "What's the matter?" asked we in

chorus.

"Something's the matter-I don't know what. Look here !" at the same time extending his hand, on which were stains of what appeared to be grease and blood. "What's that?— turning he walked into the inner room That's blood, I believe; I got it off that pick, and the chisel point of it, the one that was stuck down in the hole, is warm. There's something wrong, boys—there's something here that boys-there's something here that won't bear the light. But keep your eyes lifting: I'm going in that hole eyes lifting; I'm going in that again, to see what is there."

We "kept our eyes lifting," looking suspiciously through the trees and bushes, as our mate again descended into the hole, and recommenced throwceased shoveling, stood his shovel up that his money-bag, which also conin one corner of the hole, and stooping

ing up a white face to us; "there's

been murder here, and no mistake!-See this !" There was a man's body in the hole and our mate had uncovered the upper part of his head, revealing a frightful wound, evidently made by the pickaxe, which must have been driven into his 'hard case" meant something more hanit does now, Harvey Jenkins was admitted one of the hardest. By some wet still with blood; and placing his hand on the horior which he had uncovered, our man continued: "And he is warm yet, mates; the murderer was not gone long when we came here." Then, suddenly rising, he reached up

> the matter. That we had discovered the corpse of a man, and a murdered man, we did not question; who he was, who had slain him, or why the nor what we had best do. At last we decided that it was of no use for us to unearth the corpse, but

find the township of Black Jack's, where we should be pretty sure to find

ions had left, we spread a shirt over the dead man's head, throw in some dirt again to cover the horrid object from sight, and then sat down to wait with what patience we might for the return

About the middle of the afternoon they got back, accompanied by a uniformed policeman, and a detective in plain clothes. They had said nothing of their errand until they had found the officers, who had cautioned them to maintain a similar discretion until they find the officers, who had cautioned them to maintain a similar discretion until they (the officers) were ready to accompany them on their worked out, and two of our men were out each day prospection. of our mates.

About the middle of the afternoo

working for our food only, which was about all our claim had given us for for several weeks, though it had paid well at first, and we were by no means "hard up." One evening, as we sat a round our fires, smoking and talking of our homes, and of big "finds" of gold, one of the two who had been prospecting that day, spoke up, "Come boys, let's get out of this. Peg Leg's played out. I'm going to make a move for Black Jack's in the morning. Who says go?"

The proposition was duly discussed, and resulted in our striking our tent the next morning, shouldering our swags.

The officers looked at each other as soon as they arrived, we commenced digging up the corpse, the officers narrowly watching and noting everything. As we cleared away the sand and gravel, it became plain that the man had been struck while engaged in digging, for his hands still held a short-bandled shovel. He had been prospecting that day, spoke up, "Come boys, let's get out of this. Peg Leg's played out. I'm going to make a move for Black Jack's in the morning.

Who says go?"

The proposition was duly discussed, and resulted in our striking our tent the next morning, shouldering our swags.

The officers looked at each other as soon as they saw the man's features, about all our claim had given us for surrowly watching and noting everything. As we cleared away the sand and gravel, it became plain that the last resting place of a graduate of '68, but a revelation that was made after his death prevented the body from being brought here. Would you like to hear the story?" I expressed my willingness, and the story was told. It was in substance as follows:

A WEST POINT APPOINTMENT.

In the early summer of 1864, there was a cadet vacancy in one of the New Yord city Congressional districts.—

soon as they saw the man's features, and the detective reserved to the other, "Tim Riley, by Jove! and I had a drink of coffee from him at his tent this morning; he told me then he was going out to prospect to-day. See if his watch and money are gone. He carried that old silver bull's-eye that Jake Wilson raffled off Sunday before last—Tim won it; and he carried it; and he carried that and his money in a chamois leather bag in his shirt jacket.—See if it's gone." See if it's gone.'

Neither money nor "bull's-eye could be found; poor Tim had been murdered for his little money and the old watch. Two poles and a blanket made a rude bier to transport the body to the town-ship, for which we were soon under way. An hour's walk brought us to

ed the body, the detective going into the township, and leaving the other officer with us. As soon as it was dark some payable ground."

he returned, and handing something so it was decided to keep on for the to the uniformed policeman, asked Do you know that?" ed on, expecting shortly to reach the township, which Jack assured us was not far off; but our leader us was stopped, looked keenly at his feet for a drinking all the afternoon; he'll be locked up by the time we get in. Bu

Our ghastly burden was soon deposi ted in the camp and a good supper and good beds were furnished us by the po lice, though I had but a poor night's sleep myself. Big Hans, Riley's mate had been locked up before we arrived by the vigilant Jenkins, who handed the detective a leathern bag he had likely, or perhaps for an extended found on Han's person, which contain-claim. Right where I'm standing is ed seventeen shillings, and was marked where they put down the hole—you can see where they threw out the dirt on worked with common black thread. "We've got him; he's safe to swing for it!" remarked the detective, as he

finished examining the bag. "This was Tim's." During the night the body placed in an upright position in one corner of the room in which we were sleeping, and secured there by a cord passed under the arms and around a stake driven into the ground for the purpose, there being no boards for a floor; a clean, blue shirt was put on in place of the blood-stained one, which hrew out the loose dirt, it became evi- was removed; the face was washed, and a hat put on the head of the corpse y filled up, for the blades of grass and a blanket was then hung up as a screen, ree-leaves, thrown out from the depth | and all was ready to give Big Hans

some hints to various parties of digworker, as he rested on his shovel for a gers on their way to work, about the moment; this hole was sunk this arest of a whole party of new arrivals morning. Won't the chaps look when for some great crime; the news spread they find us in it? But I'd have like wild fire, and a curious crowd was thought they'd have pegged out their soon collected around the camp. Our claim, any way. But they didn't expect anybody to find it."

party were all up early, but we were to injure me." Then the interview kept inside by the police, who did not ended, and the superintendent threw kept inside by the police, who did not wish the miners outside to hear of Rismoke," said Jack; "let me have a go ley's murder 'till they had seen what at the shovel." on the suspected murderer; but we

At daylight the police threw

sleep, thirsty, and begged for a drop of whisky. One of the officers gave him sentinel in the woods near the barracks But what the deuce is that?"

some in a tin dipper, at the same time drew his cloak more closely about him His shovel had struck a piece of remarking, "You didn't seem to sleep as gust after whirled with a shrick very well, Hans. What was that you down from the mountain tops. He were talking about in your sleep?-Have you and Tim Riley been having when the cold had made his teeth chata growl ?

If Hans had not been quick in drinking the whisky he would have lost it, for the pinnikin dropped from his hand, and he trembled like a leaf as he gasped out, "What did I say? I havn't had any growl with Tim." "Oh, I don't know what you said," returned the officer; "but you talked

about Tim, that's all. But come, get move it out of the way; but it did not out of this; you're sober enough now to take care of yourself. Go out to Mr. Nicholson (the detective) and get your Hans came out, pale and still trembling, and approached the detective, who was standing near the screen. As

he came up, the officer suddenly demanded, sternly, "Big Haus, where is your mate, Tim Riley?" The guilty wretch glared at him like the officer suddenly dropped the blan-ket, and exposed to his sight the awful spectacle of the murdered man standing erect before him.

The experiment did not have the effect expected. Hans seemed to be more astounded than horror-struck, and looked at the officer and his murwhere he had been confined during the

party had been the ones to discover, not to commit it) were admitted. My story is about told. On coming to his senses, Hans had confessed the whole. He said that he had no thought of harming Tim until he was down in ole: the unfortun tained his watch, incommoded him down, scraped away the gravel with his hands.

"Look here, mates," said he, turning up a white face to us; "there's pounds sterling, including the price he received for the watch from the detective-was the only motive he had for nmitting the crime. His victim had

fallen without a struggle on receiving

had filled in the earth around him as

he fell, half supported by his shovel and the side of the hole. Tim was buried that day, and the consumption of large quantities of "diggins brandy," and perhaps fifty fights, marked the feelings of the miners towards him, and their detestation of the murder. Hans was carefully guarded till the next day, when he was started down to Melbourne in charge of one officer, with our party of six as stables for the occasion; but in crossing a small branch of the Terra river, on foot-log bridge, the murderer suddenly freed himself from the hold of the officer, who was steadying him over, and

The editor of the Raleigh (N. C.) the hands of the sympathizers. Months Sentinel says another attempt to burn passed by, and the cadet was himself

A WEST POINT ROMANCE.

How it Began and How it Came to a Horrible End - An Ambition that Brought Desolation to a Household Married Twice and Shot Dead at

West Point Correspondence N. Y. Herald. In company with an officer I took a farewell stroll to-day in the cemetery where so many of the graduates of West Point sleep the sleep that knows no waking. We walked from tomb to tomb, reading the inscriptions that I have read time and time again, and finally sat down on a little mound of earth to rest under the shade of a huge tree. "Do you see that spot there?" inquired my companion, as he pointed with his cane to a part of the ground

In the early summer of 1864, there was a cadet vacancy in one of the New Yord city Congressional districts.—When the War Department informed the Congressman of the district of the vacancy, and that it should be filled before the following September, that gentleman took it into his head to depart from the ways of his predecessors, and give the appointment to whatever scholar in the Free Academy, or who had passed through the Academy, who would pass the best examination. A day was appointed for the test, and the successful competitor, a few days after-ward, was sent to West Point. He was found fully competent, and at once took a high position in the class. He looked rather more manly than the rest of his class—in fact, older than most boys who were at the time admitted under twenty-one-but no suspicion that he was really older than he and represented himself to be, ever entered the minds of the faculty. Three very anxious that the letters should not niscarry, and under the pretence that ved the postoffice folks here had habit of opening cadets' letters, he often had them sent over the river to be posted from Garrison's Landing. Meanwhile he studied hard and still mainained a good position in his class. He inally became a first class man in '67. He was busily engaged in his room one day, after he had become a first class man, in "boring" when the officer of the day entered and told him the superintendent wanted to see him at his office. He immediately repaired to the office, and after the usual salutations been interchanged between him and his superior, the superintendent

took from a bundle of papers on his desk, a letter, which he read to him.— It was addressed to the superintendent, and charged that the cadet was A MARRIED MAN before he had entered the institution, and that his wife was still living. The letter was not signed. "What have you got to say to that, sir?" asked the superintendent, laying down the letter. The cadet had not changed countenance during the reading of the note, and when the question was put to him he drew himself up to his full height, and, with a flush as of indignation overspreading his face, he replied, "That is an ananymous communication, and should not have received a gentleman's attention, sir. Every word of it is false. The writer is evidently some enemy of mine who seeks in this way ended, and the superintendent threw the letter into the waste-basket. The cadet went back to his room and resumed his studies. The night that followed the day of this interview was a bitter cold one. It was dark as pitch, Big Hans woke from his drunken and the snow fell heavily. A keen had been on guard many nights before, ter and his limbs ache with numbness, but the like of this night he had never witnessed before. Thus he thought as he laid his rifle against a tree and stooped to gather a handfull of snow to rub his half frozen face with. As he did so a keener blast of wind than ever the old branches creak and groan as if ready to break. In a second he was bolt upright, with his rifle tightly ciutched in his hand. His face was pale as death, and the rifle shook within his grasp, but not from cold. He bent his head forward as if to peer through the darkness and the blinding sleet. The wind had lulled for a sewith his rifle trembling in his hands. mountain-top, and, as it struck the trees near him, whizzed by again with screech; but far above it there came shriek of a human voice so terrible, so shrill, so fearful to be heard in that lonely place, that the sentinel involun-

tarily took a step backward as if exo swoop down upon him. It was this tame shriek that had startled him. He had mistrusted his hearing before, but now he was certain that the ery that rang out upon the wind a minute or so previous was not of his imagini informed of the murder, and that our Clutching his rifle in his right hand he felt his way carefully though the underbrush with which the woods were strewn, and slowly advanced in the direction whence the cries had come.—
Every gust of wind brought the shrick, more and more piercing, to him, and to the memory of him who is gone."

As my companion stood up to reave the limit and the made him stride on all the more quick- Pointing to a tombstone at our very ly; for he felt that there was somebody ly; for he felt that there was somebody in distress. He finally reached a little tion?" "Faithful unto death," I reclearing in the woods, and through the plied. "The lieutenant of artillery will him, a figure in white, with its arms word. wildly beating the air about, and evthe blow from the pickaxe, and Hans nly answer he received was the bloodday by the superintendent in reference ent, the more beautiful will be the a hired escort, sworn in as special con-to the anonymous letter. He was crown of the future she hopes to wear. stark mad. MARRIED AND THEN SHOT DEAD.

nong the first ten. He obtained a

came a very severe disciplinarian, and for the slightest offences on the part of the soldiers he always meted out the severest punishment. One day he had one of the privates of the post put in the guard-house for a long period for some trivial neglect of duty; and when the man got out he, it is said, swore he would get out my with the private of the post put in the guard-house of the private of the private of the post put in the guard-house of the private would get even with the officer. I was the latter's turn, a few days afte he had released the soldier, to drill the troops in the manual. He stood in front of a soldier whose rifle was loaded with ball. When the command of

"Fire" was given, the officer fell, shot through the head, and died an hour afterwards. The soldier who shot him was he who had been placed in the guard-house a few days before. Circumstances pointed strongly against the man. He, however, was terribly afflicted over the occurrance and proafflicted over the occurrance and pro-tested his innocence. He had, on go ing to the drill, been relieved from guard duty, and his musket was load-ed. The fact he had overlooked in the firing. The coroner's jury acquitted him of all evil intent, and so did a court-martial. It was fatality that placed the officer in front of the loaded rifle, a fatality guided by Him who ever punishes the wrongdoer. The young wife of the officer was of course almost crazed with grief at her terrible misfortune, and her case excited the sympathy of all the offiers of the fort. The day after her husband's terrible death she telegraphed to a clergyman in New York, of whom she had often heard her husband speak, informing him of the terrible tragedy, and asking BREAK THE NEWS years passed by, and he became a se-cond class man. During that time he lieved to be traveling somewhere in Eu-

made the acquaintance of a young la- rope for the benefit of her health. The dy risiding on Fifth avenue. She was young, beautiful, of good family, and had plenty of money, and this combination of attractions fascinated the cadet. He used to pay her frequent visits dispatch, he went straightway to a cerat the hotel when she came up here to tain house, in rather a low neighbor. remain during the June "gala days," hood in New York city, and there found and after she had left for New York he the officer's family—that is, his father kept up the pleasant intimacy by fre- and other persons who ought to have been dear to him. The cadet's story of Milwaukee, is called the fisherman' his father's death and his mother being of his family in the dark. He did not have the manliness to own to the Fifth Avenue girl, when he was a cadet, that living in a miserable locality in the city; but for all that, as honest and as upright as the richest in the land. A WRANGLE OVER A CORPSE.

Now to return to the Southern post.

Word was telegraphed to the West

Point authorities, after the officer's

death, and preparations were there made for the funeral. The cadet corps

were to turn out upon the arrival of the

body, and the funeral ceremonies were to be of a very imposing character, for the deceased was well known to all the cadets, having only been a few months out of the ranks of the corps at the time of his death. A guard of honor, consisting of four officers, class-mates of the dead man, accompanied the body and the sorrowing widow from the scene of the tragedy on their way to West Point. The train bearing the corpse arrived at night time at Jersey City, and, as it was taken out of the baggage car to be placed in a hearse which the officers had the foresight to engage to take it to the Hudson River Railroad depot, when several persons whom they did not know came up and proceeded, in an unceremonious way, to take the body. The officers interfered, and the young widow who stood by placed herself between them and the coffin. The officers swore that they would kill the first man who came near the corpse; but the strange party was nothing daunted, and one of them advanced and declared himself to be the brother of the dead man. woman," he added, pointing to a female at his side clad in black, who was weeping, "this woman was Lieutenant -s wife. She was married to him years ago, and that person who claims to be his wite has no claim on the body." These remarks dumbfounded the officers, and the Fifth Avenue girl was terrified. She asked for explanations, and the brother of the officer, mollified at the sight of her sorrow, told her what her heart refused to believe. The officer had been married before he became a cadet, and a child it. was born to him before he got his appointment. How he kept the whole matter secret, and had entered the miltore through the leafless tees, making | itary academy bearing his own name, was a mystery; and whether he was married, before he became a cadet, under an assumed name, is a thing which but only a few can answer. At any rate the curtain fell in the last scene of this West Point tragedy in an humble house, in the lower part of the city, a few days after the wrangle over the corpse at Jersey City. The scene was not pleased on being reproved by his cond, and nothing but the low wail of a heart-rending one. A small apart- mother for some mischievous prank, storm in the distant wood awoke the ment was darkened by thick curtains and showed his displeasure in his face, stillness of the night. Still he stood hung over the windows, and in the when his mother remarked, "Why, center of the room there was a coffin. containing the remains of the dead of-ficer. On the lid was a silver plate bearing his full name and rank in the "Why, I meant to laugh; but, mambearing his full name and rank in the army. There were sorrowing friends ma. my face slipped." about, and when the face of the dead was shut from mortal view forever, there was a woman clad in mourning who knelt at the coffin-side, with her head buried in her hands, and sobbing as though her heart would break. She was the wife of the lieutenant of artillery, the graduate of the class of 1868, but she was not the young Fifth Avenue girl. Two hearts were broken by

darkness, which was becoming less and get no monument here," was his anless obscure as the storm spent its swer, and we both left the silent graves strength, he beheld, coming toward behind us, without speaking another ery once in a while giving vent to that awful cry which had so startled wife in her husband's household is him at first. He brought his riffle to simply that of a servant, with fewer privileges than has Jane the cook, or Lucy the waiter, in our domestic econcurdling shrick, and the figure came omy. She has no antenno nearer and nearer. The soldier put his no wages to do as she will with—no no wages to do as she will with—no followers," and no chance of a change. omy. She has no "afternoon out"- keep up. piece to the ground and grasped the form by the shoulder. It made no resistance, and keeping fast his hold on it he made his way to the barracks.—

"followers," and no chance of a change. But she has hard work, unrealizable in our comfortable houses; the privilege of waiting upon the master of the house The light of the guard's lantern reveal- when he chooses to call upon her sered in she figure in white the form of vices; and the belief that the more pathe cadet who had been called for that | tiently she bears the cross of the pres

the ball that sent the officer into eter-

nity, and although the one was that of

a wife and that of the other was not,

full of woe by the same recollections.

o the memory of him who is gone?"

mong the churches. It is impossible at the South to depend upon recom-Great was the sympathy for the poor cadet on the post among his comrades when the news was bruited about that Home Mission Society to obtain perplunged into the river, then swollen to a torrent. We could do nothing to save him; he was drowned, and thus escaped the gallows.

Cadet on the post among his comrades when the news was bruited about that he had become insane. Of course excessive study had done the horrid work, and the "system" of the Academy came in for some very hard knocks at the South in exploring the condition and wants particularly of the Baptists among the Freedmen, has communicated the system" of the Academy came in for some very hard knocks at the superstitious fanaticism.

SUNDRIES.

pired, of second lieutenant in the artil-ery branch of the service, and was soon to bone, he dies at once; but if it petriafterwards married to the Fifth Ave-nue young lady of whom mention has he invariably lives too long for any

already been made. A month or so after his marriage he was ordered to do duty at a Southern post, and on proceeding there he took his young and beautiful bride along with him. Everything went smoothly with him for some time. Young-officer-like he became a very governed disciplinarian and the south of th

The idea of a National Catholic Church is making progress in Bohemia. The grand celebrations lately made in honor of John Huss have added to the popularity of the movement." Frenchmen, of suicidal turn of mind, take to hanging as the most preferable means of self-destruction; then comes drowning, then suffocation by charcoal,

and hasty poison. There is a small vinyard in Paris ner the ancient arsenal garden which has buds and leaves, blossoms and grapes four days in advance of any other vinyard in the region.

A bronze automaton at Venice, rebrains with a hammer. The traveler got his head between the hammer and the bell just as the automaton struck the hour. "Mamma," said an intelligent little

girl, "what is the meaning of a book being printed in 12mo?" "Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means the book will be published in twe've It is estimated that not less that fourteen thousand actual laborers are at work on the different railroads in

Alabama. Of this number the majority are on the South and North and the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroads. The annual report of the Insane Asy-lum at Tuskaloosa, Ala., states that of the inmates, eighteen were sent there by whiskey, seventeen by religious exeitement, and one by tobacco.

An acrobat at Davenport, England, who was in the habit of allowing a stone to be broken on his chest with a hammer tried one stone too many. The stone broke without being notice and the second blow fell on his chest He was buried next day. The Countess Volsomachi, who mar

ried, as her first husband, the celebrated Bishop Heber, died recently in England, in the eighty-first year of her age. She was the youngest daughter of Dean Shipley, of St. Asaph, and a niece of Sir. William Jones, the Oriental scholar.

paradise. It is situated between two in Europe was a falsehood. He had lakes, one emptying into the othe told the story to keep the real condition over a fall of nine or ten feet, and with in a circuit of a dozen miles are abou twenty lakes, from one to three mile in length. In St. Paul, Minn., a little girl while drawing her baby brother about the

yard in a wagon, accidentally upset it and the baby was slightly hurt. The girl was so terrified that she dropped down as if shot, and her parents found her dead. A teacher, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts its shell, when it has outgrown it, said: "What do you do

when you have outgrown your clothes

You throw them aside, don't you?"

"Oh, no," replied the little one, let out the tucks." In the case of Hill versus Ribbetts where the inheritance of the property of the late Mr. White, of Yorkshire amounting to £200,000, was claimed by a daughter born in New York, the claim was barred by proofs of a valid Scotch marriage of deceased previous to his marriage in New York.

A Californian was boasting in the presence of the Boston excursion party in San Francisco, the other day, of the immense size of the seals in California waters. "Ah," replied one of the par ty, not to be outdone by the Californian even in the matter of seals, "but you should see the great seal of Massachu setts!"

Lawyers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a wes-tern lawyer, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the trap, wili prove that we were locked up in the station house in a state of intoxica-

tion." Miss Mulock says to parents that the time must come in every family when it is the children's right to begin to think and act for themselves, and the parents' duty to allow them to do it; when it is the wisest gradually to slack en authority, to sink "I command' into "I wish," and to grant large freedom of opinion, and the expression of

Dickens is said to have given, in Mr. Wilkins Micawber, a playful and extravagant portrait of his father, Mr. John Dickens, an impecunious clerk in the Navy Pay Office, whose overdue "notes" Charles collected and paid. If that is true, we would think less of Dickens: no true man make the world merry by laughing at the foibles of his a pint of cider." But after consulta-

Master Charlie, aged four years, was the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the mid-Charlie, I am astonished to see you

"My son," said a gentleman the other morning to a six-year old urchin, "I wish you to go on an errand to your grandmother's house to-day." "It is impossible," was the reply, "I belong impossible," was the reply, "I belong to the Highflyer and Tiger ball clubs, and both play a match to-day, the one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Give me forty cents for a Professor S., of Hartford, said the

other day that he felt uncomfortably the future of both will be darkened by stiff and sore—caught cold, perhaps—the same cloud, and their lives made and he lay down on a lounge and refull of woe by the same recollections.

As my companion stood up to leave him after the movement cure style. W: " wait till I get to his head." A resident of Chelsea, Vt., named stay." Orders were immediately given

> of the palm kernel is not generally unlerstood or known of in the United States. Within the past fifteen years it has become an article of commerce, making, indeed, still better soap than the palm. It costs from fifty to sixty cents per bushel, payable in trade. The Germans and English have this trade;

and after grinding the kernels for soap

Germany at \$1 25 per gallon."

The Rev. Dr. Lathrop, of Stamford, Maccdonian. The people generally prefer preachers of their own color, and superstition and many other evils wag: "I've voted."

SOUTHERN NEWS ITEMS.

Lice are killing the cotton in Sumer county, Georgia. Texas wishes that, like Georgia, showas "out in the cold." Colonel Davis Cockrell, of the Pea-body Hotel, Memphis, has retired from it.

The two gas companies of New Or-leans are fighting for the right to light the city. General John B. Hood is now the

appy father of three girls; two of them The cotton crop of Marshall county Miss.q: it is feared, will not be an aver-age one. Too much rain. Clarksville, Tennessee, had a two-headed baby the other night, which

ived there only twenty minutes.

formed a society under the name of The German Immigrant Aid Society of Georgia," A Huntsville (Alabama) fiddler fiddled a queer looking snake out of his hole, and held him down with his fid-dle. Fiddledeedee.

Germans of Savannah, Georgia, have

The trustees of Oglethorpe college nave purchased the Lyons house in Atlanta, Ga., for the use of the college, at a cost of \$20,000. The many friends of Hon. G. A.

Henry, the eagle orator of Tennessee will be pleased to learn that he is now in a fair way to recover his health. From all that can be learned an Alexandria lady carried off the palm for beauty at the late commencement exercises of the University of Virginia. Mr. Abel C. Vail, a well known citi-

zen of Milledgeville, Georgia, died on Friday morning, aged sixty-six years. He had lived in Macon and Milledgeville over thirty years. Gen. Loring writes to Gen. Lowry, of Brandon, Miss., that he likes the service of the Viceroy of Egypt very much. Gen. Loring is a brigadier general in the Egyptian army.

Two young ladies, daughters of B. F. Johnson, living near Dallas, Texas, are cultivating with their own fair hands wenty-four acres of cotton. Their crop is the best in the country. The Panola (Miss.) Star, of the 9th,

says the yield of wheat is proving very fine. Apples and peaches will be scarce this season. B. T. Higginbotham, a planter Catahoula parish, La., was murdered, which it was mixed. "Ah, good-for-noth

e State palice, or the militia, or pay 15 exemption. Mr. Marion Baker, of the editorial staff of the New Orleans Picayune, has

left for a summer trip North in search of health. Joseph E. Anderson, who lived eigh een miles from Danville, Va., was murdered on Monday night by parties inknown. The deceased was an old citizen.

cion of being the party who shot and killed Merideth Roberts, was tried at A Mrs. Gordon, of Norfolk county, Va., died in Norfolk, a few days since rom the effects of chloroform admini

ered by a quack doctor for the tooth-

E. B. Stricklund, arrested on suspi

W. T. S. Pugh, an old citizen of Madison parish, La., died the other day.— He served in a Madison company dur ing the war, and was much esteemed

In Franklin parish, La., Dr. W. W. Lee and G. H. Dunn got into a dispute about the height of cotton, in which Lee was shot through the breast, although not fatally. Ed. Stapp and Tody Clifford, of Galveston, Texas, who lately went with a party buffalo-hunting, were cut off by the Indians and are supposed to have

been killed. J. B. Stanley, living on the Big-creek road, near Memphis, found it necessary to shoot a negro on Friday night at his own house, whom he found in his yard, and who tried to kill him with a

Boys, Read This.

A New York paper says: A few years ago a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless pa-rents, by whom he had been abandon-ed. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him in, places all full; be-sides, he is small." "I know he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered the remark that he "didn't see what they wanted tion the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made or

dle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protege seissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he; "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to double that boy's wages, for he is willing." Only a few weeks passed bethe spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk afor said, and after a struggle was captured. Not only was robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was, "You bear well a heat which only softens class Manufactured successively at told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd Andrews, has been arrested for alleged once more, "Double that boy's wages; cruelty to a faithless lad for whom he is willing and faithfut." To-day was guardian. The boy ran away to that boy is getting a salary of \$2,500, the village and Andrews after him. and next January will become a mem-

On their return, when beyond the ken of the village, it is alleged that Andrews took the boy out of the wagon. hitched him up beside the horse, and then drove him home, a distance of about four miles, giving him a crack sandary will become a member of the firm.

Spanish gentlemen speak with great enthusiasm of the handsome behavior in a recent duel of two naval officers of high rank, intimate friends, who had with his whip whenever he failed to quarreled over their cups. They fought twenty paces apart, to advance to a central line and fire at will. One walkturing in this country says: "The use ed forward, and when near the line the other fired and hit him. The wounded ed" The other came up until he touched the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and in a moment both pistol, and in a moment both were dead-like gentlemen. be it, the old parson kept along in the even tenor of his way, declaring that

the refuse is used for oil cake, seiling in both of his legs badly crushed below the knees by the wheels. The amputation of both limbs, it is thought, will be The county of Wilson. Tenn necessary.

Mouths' Department.

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a monse,
Who does the mischlef that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

Tis he who always tears our books.
Who leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts the damp wood upon the are,
That Rettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mas,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers are always mishes;
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fale.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our hoots: They all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

The Hillman and the Housewife.

BY J. H. EWING. The Good People cannot abide mean-ness. They like to be liberally dealt with when they beg or borrow of the human race; and, on the other hand to those who come to them in need they are invariably generous.

Now there onced lived a certain housewife who had a sharp eye to be

own interests in temporal matters and gave alms of what she had no use for or the good of her soul. One day Hillman knocked at her door. "Can you lend us a saucepan, good mother?" said he. "There's a wedding in the hill, and all the pots are in use." "Is he to have one?" asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

"Ay, to be sure," answered the housewife. "One must be neighborly."
But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, she pinched her arm, and whispered sharply—"Not that, you slut. Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks and the Hillmen are so neat, and such nimble workers, they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliger the Good People, and saves sixpence in tinkering. But you'll never learn to be notable whilst your head is on your

shoulders." Thus reproached, the maid fetched the saucepan, which had been laid by till the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the dwarf, who thanked her and went away.

In due time the saucepan was re-turned, and, as the housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready At suppertime the maid filled the pan with milk, and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burnt and

smoked, that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused to wash with "Ah, good-for-nothing hussey!" cried the house-wife, as she re-filled the pa By the new militia law of Texas ev- herself, "you would ruin the riche ery man must enroll himself either iu with your carelesness. There's a whol quart of good milk wasted at once!" "And that's two pence!" cried a voice which seemed to come from the chim-

ney, in a nasal, whiney tone, like some natering, discontented old body going over her grievances. The housewife had not left the saucean for two minutes, when the milk boiled over, and it was all burnt and

smoked as before. "The pan must be dire, name the good woman, in great vexation and there are two full quarte of saffe a good as thrown to the dogs." " And that's fourpence!" voice in the chimney.

After a thorough cleaning, the same oan was once more filled and set on

the fire, but with no better success. The milk was hopelessly spoilt, and the housewife shed tears of vexation at the waste, crying, "Never did such a thing "And that's sixpence!" cried the oice from the chimney. " You didn't ave the tinkering, after all, mother I' With which the Hillman himsel came tumbling down the chimney, and

the fire, but with no better success.

But thenceforward the saucepan was as good as any other.—Aunt Judy's How Glass Paper Weights are Made Every one knows the paper weights of solid colorless glass, in hemispherical shape, in the centre of which are

went off laughing through the door.

boquets, portraits, and even watches and barometers, etc., etc., but few persons know how or by what means these things are incarcerated in the center of The first thing to be done is to sort and arrange a certain quantity of small glass tubes of different colors, in the cavities of a thick molten disc, dispos-ing them according to the object to be inclosed between two layers of glass; to do this they begin by placing on one side of the disc which contains the tubes, a layer of crystal, to which the tubes soon become attached. When this is done the disc is removed, and a second layer of crystal is placed on the opposite side. The object being placed in the center between these two layers of glass thus soldered together, it be-

comes necessary to give the hall its hemispherical form, which is done, when the crystal is again heated, by means of a concave spatula of moist-ened wood. It then remains to anneal it, and to polish it on the wheel. That a glass ornament, being covered with a layer of hot glass, should receive no injury or change of color, may be easily understood from its refractory nature; but it is not the same with bjects in metal, such as watches, barometers, etc., which a far less degree of heat would oxodize or even entirely destroy. The mode of manufacture therefore, of these latter objects is quit

different from that of the first. It is If we look at a paper weight, provid-ed the interior be of glass, the upper and under part of the recipient will be also of glass. If we now examine a paper weight containing a watch or rometer, under the lower part of the ball will be found a piece of green cloth. the use of which is to keep in place the object which, instead of only forming body with the covering of gla which surround them, are only pines in a cavity, made beforehand in center of the half-spherical halk In a word, to take out the glass orne ments it would be necessary to break the paper weight, whilst to take out the cloth. As for the paper weigh and then in Bohemia, these paper weights have been carried to not only by French artists. The sole difficulty in their manufacture is in avoiding internal air bubbles, which would the more deform the object, as any defect would be much more increased by the thickness of the glass. - Wonders of

Glass-Making. PLUCKY.-Old Parson Mudge, of Essex County, got to be rather unpopu-lar with his flock toward the latter part of his labors. They could not dismiss him, as he was settled for life, and he was not to be either coaxed, bought or scared off, so he continued his preachhe would not give up as long as he could say 'we." Finally, his flock was re-Recently Mr. John Coleman, a most estimable citizen of Marshall, Texas, attempting to jump from the platform, was thrown under the cars, and had had below the company the property of the pro

The county of Wilson, Ten can boast of having the oldest soldier in the armies of the "so-called." Mr. costing a sturdy wag on the day of election, "I am very glad to see you."

"You needn't be," returned the wag: "I've voted."

"You voted."

"I am very glad to see you."

"You needn't be," returned the is active and viscorous for the "so-called." Mean the armies of the armies of the armies of the "so-called." Mean the armies of t